Hoffa the Pure *Murray Kempton*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

January 18, 1964, 35 cents

TRB and the Editors Take Stock of the

Johnson Miracle

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Extravagant Economy

★ If you were a stockholder of the huge American Telephone Company, and received an annual report saying your directors were going to retrench to balance their budget, you would think they were crazy. Cut down on expansion when more people need more telephones every week! Nonsense. The AT&T had a vast debt of $8.[illegible] billions at the end of 1962 and it is probably a billion or so bigger today, and that's the way the stockholder wants it. The bigger the expansion the bigger the debt; the bigger the debt the bigger the profit, and that's how it is with every successful growing US corporation.

But you are a stockholder in the United States of America, the greatest business on earth, and President Johnson has just submitted his State of the Union Message to Congress, which is a kind of annual report, saying that he is cutting back on expenditures. There are 3 million more Americans every year, their needs are greater, one-fifth of the people already here live in poverty or privation – but our national corporation is going to retrench, although 5.9 percent of the labor force is presently unemployed for lack of expansion! We find it dismaying.

There is no greater economic fallacy in the country today than comparing the US Treasury to a private family and saying that it must balance its budget or go bankrupt. Poor old Eisenhower preached that for eight years. The USA *isn't* a private family, it's a corporation, and prudent corporations don't curtail their debt so long as gross revenues and operating ratios are growing faster than the debt. That's true of the USA; relative to our population and GNP increase, the national debt is regularly sinking, and there's little present danger of inflation with factories 13 percent idle and some 4 million workers looking for jobs.

What President Johnson has done, we believe, is to buy quick passage for the tax bill by capitulating on public spending. President Kennedy refused to do that. Mr. Kennedy lost the so-called "reforms" (loophole plugging) out of the tax bill, but he rejected the idea that public spending should be reduced to counterbalance the cut in taxes.

And why did he refuse? The economic explanation is sound and is almost universally accepted abroad and in American liberal economic circles. America's huge unemployment shows that the economy isn't keeping up with expanding population and automation. It would be nice if private investment would fill the breach and supply the additional needed purchasing power (to buy the goods of idle factories), but it doesn't. So Mr. Kennedy proposed the $11 billion tax cut. This is expansionary. By contrast, to cut federal expenditures is contractionary. President Kennedy rejected the idea of cancelling out with one hand what he did with the other hand.

Thrift, It's Wonderful

★ This writer believes in frugality and thrift just as much as the next man, and we think it is wonderful to stop piling up of plutonium bombs when we already have enough to kill most of the world 100 times over. But it doesn't meet the economic test to say that what has been saved from defense, foreign aid, and the like, can be used to finance an "attack on poverty," while reducing the budget, too. It reminds us of the ad for the compact car, that was "smaller outside and bigger inside."

If a big corporation in a company town reduces its payload the whole town suffers; if the federal government curtails its huge spending in the nicely balanced national economy the economy suffers. Furthermore each dollar of spending reduced has a "multiplier effect"; it means loss of the equivalent of two or three dollars in purchases and repurchases, by the time the calculation is completed.

We don't think Mr. Johnson has burned his bridges. We guess that after Congress has given him his tax cut there will be time still to put in supplementary appropriation bills, with more spending. The sad thing is that the economy may need this. We have our fingers crossed on the effect of the proposed tax cut, particularly now that part of it will be cancelled out by reducing federal expenditures.

We think it was in "Nicholas Nickleby" (and if it wasn't, somebody will tell us by return mail) that a character remarked sadly how it never conceivably happened that the "Help Wanted" advertiser in one column got together with the "Job Wanted" advertiser side by side with it. We recalled this profound truism in looking through the *NYTimes* annual business review. Here was a column headlined "Company Profits Astound Experts," and another "Unions Bedeviled by Unemployment," and in the same issue a comment that the number of workers involved in strikes, number of strikes, and the time lost in strikes all set low records in 1963. The obvious relationship of all these columns was never pointed up by anybody in the great organization of the *Times* business department. What worker (outside of a closely knit skilled trade) does not see a dozen poor devils looking for his job; and why shouldn't profits "astound experts" when wages are currently running far behind the upsurge in workers' productivity?

Elephant Tracks

★ Who will the GOP nominate? The experts here (as contrasted to nationwide polls) currently put Scranton ahead, on the theory that Rockefeller and Goldwater will knock each other off. Other possibilities: Michigan's Governor Romney, the Billy Graham of GOP hopefuls; Lodge – he's been twice defeated; Nixon – twice defeated, too, and he lost with singularly poor grace. Scranton is an attractive, able, Eisenhower-Republican figure and we like him; his one handicap, that nobody knows him, could be cured easily, we guess, in this age of mass-media. Somebody is against everybody else, nobody against Scranton.

Personally, we still love Barry. Someday they'll ask him about Ghana and he'll think it's in Asia.

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Johnson's Miracle

Having chosen to lay the main thrust of his State of the Union message on his forthcoming Budget, President Johnson will just have to put up with a few days of skepticism about this new tale of the loaves and fishes. No doubt the actual Budget figures will show more clearly how exactly the miracle is going to be performed. Politically speaking, the President can afford to be thoroughly cheerful about the prospect. Whatever else may be thought of his presentation, it revealed him as a past master of a particular brand of politics, the kind at which his late predecessor was not so adroit as a lot of people thought. It is the sort that ties political opponents in cunning knots, then gags them with their own rage over their bafflement. Senator Goldwater, who must now begin to have a confused realization that his party this year is up against a wilier and earthier opponent than they would have had in Mr. Kennedy, spat out the gag. But he did so only to blurt out more foolishness. He said that President Johnson was only promising to do for Americans what they as individuals ought to be doing for themselves. In a way, it is a pleasing flight of fancy that conjures up fascinating pictures of individual Americans ruggedly building their own public library in their own backyard, and with their bare hands tearing down their own slums. But it is nonsense all the same.

That Senator Goldwater should be reduced to such babbling is not by itself significant, since he often is. Nevertheless, his exasperated comment on the President's speech to Congress does indicate how infuriated the Republicans are by the seductive potentialities of the program that Mr. Johnson outlined. Cutbacks in the further production of plutonium for atomic bombs that are already in embarrassing over-supply – but promising more housing that every sensible person knows is needed; closing down military bases that clearly have become obsolescent – but offering more schools, more jobs and better health facilities; how is anyone going to bring himself to vote against it? When the President says that all this and more will be achieved without spending one extra cent, and that on the contrary these shining targets will be reached within the limits of cut-back government spending, he leaves the unhappy Republicans floundering in the water and with no dry clothes awaiting them on the bank: President Johnson has picked their clothes up and put them on. The country wants a war on poverty, unemployment, and ill-health; it is going to get it. The Republicans, and no doubt a good many other Americans to whom the Republican Party had hoped to appeal, want less federal spending

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and more attention paid to the old national virtue of frugality; Mr. Johnson says he will provide that too. What Republican, in those circumstances, can honestly say he is burning to be his party's Presidential candidate this year?

Some of the sleight of hand that seems to be involved has a familiar look. It is, in fact, a sort of mirror image of the kind of thing that Mr. Johnson, as Senate Majority Leader in a Democratic Congress, used to do to the Eisenhower Administration. The successive cuts that Senator Johnson managed to inflict on proposed government spending never really added up to the total that he claimed, because of the mysterious intricacies of authorized, appropriated, obligated, de-obligated and supplemental spending that make the Federal Budget an incomprehensible maze. Senator Johnson added them up all the same, with considerable calculated political effect. Without trying to anticipate the Federal Budget for fiscal 1964 – which, it ought to be remembered always, is not much more than a collective guess about how much will be spent in the course of a twelve-months period beginning six months from now – it does seem likely that President Johnson's bold promise to keep total expenditures under $98 billion entails some delicately skillful juggling with figures. (The present absurd Budgetary process permits this, without anyone having to tell actual lies.) For instance, the estimate of the amount of money required for farm price supports can be quite elastic. The President himself was cautious to say that his Budget will not be a standstill one, but that it will take account of the growth of population, the complexity of the economy, and the people's expanding needs. In part because of such natural growth, the Budget has tended in recent times to increase at an average rate of $5 billion a year. Just how this squares with Mr. Johnson's promised cut may turn out to be connected with the Budget Bureau's bookkeeping as well as with actual curtailments and closings of things that are no longer needed.

President Kennedy would probably not have managed to hold this year's Budget much below $102 billion, at best, even for window-dressing purposes. If this estimate were really to be reduced now by $4 billion, the result would be to offset about half of the increased purchasing power that is expected to flow this year from the proposed tax-cut, even taking into account a dropping of the basic withholding tax rate from 15 percent to 14 percent, that Mr. Johnson asked for in his message to Congress. The solution to the conundrum is almost sure to be that President Johnson is not really proposing to impose a deflationary Budget on the country, just in order to clinch a deal about the tax-cut legislation with Mr. Byrd and the Senate Finance Committee; and that, save in a strictly technical and bookkeeping sense, federal spending will not be shrunk at all. If this were not to be so, it would be an extremely grave matter. To make war on poverty in Appalachia is thoroughly commendable. To make some government economies in the interest of greater efficiency is a good thing. But achieving frugality is just a sideshow, compared with the chief question now confronting the nation. This is whether total spending will be sufficient to reduce the present heavy unemployment. Mr. Walter Heller, the chairman of the President's economic advisers, insists that the country's major lack is of jobs, not of qualified people, which means that training Appalachians and others for jobs will after all do little good if it then turns out that the jobs are still not there.

Before a real start can be made with providing the jobs, it will probably be necessary to convince Senator Byrd and those who think like him what the real facts of economic life are in a rapidly expanding and highly complex community. Then, it may be possible to persuade them that the national interest is best served by facing up to those facts, not running away from them and taking refuge in parrot cries for greater swings of the economy axe. It is true that the facts are highly unpalatable, and therefore difficult to swallow: that the US as a community is rich, not poor, so that spending is as important as saving if we are not to be slowly choked to death by our own plenty; and that if this is ignored, then instead of there being an abundance of goods there will be a growing abundance of unused capacity and of unemployed people. But these things have to be confronted: we must be brave as well as

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rich. The truth will set us free, at least from illusion. A first step toward reality might well be to try using the Budget as a serious economic tool for proper economic purposes, as several countries now do, instead of for conjuring tricks that make deficits vanish, or saw them in half.

In this sense the President's message to Congress can be criticized, and perhaps in one other sense as well. In 1933, President Roosevelt was still thinking in terms of making governmental economies and of balancing the budget (as was also, in that unenlightened year, *The New Republic*). But, in his second inaugural address in January, 1937, Mr. Roosevelt was much more concerned about the third of the nation that was "ill-housed, ill-clad, ill-nourished." Mr. Johnson, too, is a generous, warm-hearted man; his declaration of war on poverty has unmistakable echoes of Roosevelt; yet he seems to feel that he must pay full lip-service to frugality. He defensively insisted that salvaging unemployed young Americans was an act of prudent investment promising a dividend in dollars. He could have gloried in it as putting social values above dividends. President Roosevelt not only would have: he did. All this being said, Mr. Johnson's message contains great promises for America, and for the world. The program he outlines for the country is a large-visioned New Deal for the Sixties. And the end of the arms race, perhaps of the Cold War itself, really could begin with the new American proposals that he said will be unveiled at Geneva on January 21. A big man has made a big start with the world's biggest job.

Pilot Lights

One thing has not changed in the transition from John F. Kennedy to Lyndon Johnson: the eye is fixed on 1965. It was and is recognized in the White House that the 88th Congress is not likely to authorize any substantial federal expenditure to eradicate poverty, significantly improve education, radically reduce unemployment, or spur economic growth. So these problems are being kept on the back burner until after November, when the public may provide a more liberal mandate. Yet, even if the 89th Congress is more sensitive to poverty and misery than the 88th, the Administration was and is convinced that it will demand proof that Administration proposals will work before providing generous support for them. Thus, the current emphasis on "pilot projects" in the Appalachians and elsewhere.

In addition, the Johnson Administration in a precise sense is itself a "pilot project" – a 10-month test to determine whether the voters will give the Johnson model a green light for four years.

That is the context in which to examine the proposal made last month by Harvard's John Kenneth Galbraith. As part of the "war on poverty," Professor Galbraith suggested the federal government intervene to improve education in the hundred most impoverished counties, as well as in those where there are the most difficult school problems (*i.e.*, the slums of Harlem). Galbraith suggested that the federal government establish in such communities a Peace Corps type, high-class educational program at federal expense. Each year, according to his reckoning, a hundred additional communities could be added to the list.

It would be wrong to expect any substantial progress along these lines before 1965. For one thing, Mr. Galbraith's scheme is not "frugal." For another, many officials who have worked on the educational problems of the poor are now saying that until more research and experiment is carried out, big new programs might be a waste of effort. Most important, many of the poorest school districts in the country are in the Deep South, and the aversion of Southern Congressmen to integrated education paid for and in part controlled by the federal government, is deep-rooted.

The experiment may, however, be tried on a small scale. The Office of Education has been interested in the "culturally deprived," and a panel of the President's Science Advisory Committee has been working on the problems of the "difficult 30 percent" (*i.e.*, those who don't finish high school). The Office of Education also has money for "demonstration projects," and one or two of these may be initiated in 1964 – probably in urban rather than rural slums.

Whether such pilot projects will be sufficiently successful in 1964 to impress the 89th Congress and so attract large-scale support remains to be proved. It depends in part on whether the pilot projects are sufficiently large and dramatic to attract new and superior talents to teaching the poor, or whether they simply try to rearrange old hands in new combinations.

More immediately relevant to educating the underprivileged may be the Labor Department's plans for Manpower Conservation Units. These training units would concentrate on distressed individuals instead of distressed areas, specifically those individuals found unfit for military training; and they are numerous.

One young man in six examined by the Selective Service System is rejected for physical or psychological reasons; another one in six is rejected because tests suggest he isn't bright enough. If these men cannot qualify for the infantry, it seems reasonable to suppose that they will have trouble qualifying for any other steady employment; they are, in other words, the core of future unemployment and poverty.

Contrary to popular belief, however, these individuals are not all hopeless cases. Among those rejected for medical reasons, one in ten has a disorder which could be completely corrected by proper treatment, and two more out of every ten could be greatly helped

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by treatment. (The neglect implicit in these statistics might give pause to the AMA.) Among the mental rejects, interviews with a sample of 2,500 suggest that all of them would benefit from job counseling, and a majority need job training. About 25 percent also need remedial literacy training. Almost all these rejects indicated that they would like both education and job training – though it seems clear from their previous histories that they do not want or benefit from traditional school programs.

The Labor Department hopes, by referring every reject to the US Employment Service, to get him to a doctor, educator or employer (all in short supply) who can help him. It also hopes that publicizing the number of people who are unable to qualify for military service in a community will spark broadly-based remedial action. These are the hopes. The cure, however, is not immediately apparent. More money for education, though essential, will not in itself solve the problem of physical, mental and intellectual disability among youth. The highest Selective Service rejection rates for whites, for example, are found in big city slums, which spend far more on education than many rural communities. Indeed, no simple solution leaps out of the statistics. Over and over, apparently similar states show radically different rates. Facts like this, unfortunately, provide live ammunition for those in the Administration who urge that efforts to improve the education of the underprivileged be confined to small-scale experiments.

A Volunteer Army

Each year the nation drafts about 100,000 men into the Army for the express purpose of intimidating half a million others into enlisting. This, at least, is the Pentagon's rationale for continuing the present Selective Service System. But, in fact, the re-enlistment rate among volunteers is fairly high and has been rising. And if the Defense Department were to boost its basic pay rates and increase its already successful advertising, an army of volunteers might be sufficient to meet the nation's defense needs.

At any rate, the present draft is a system of diminishing returns. Its inequities to young men are well known. Moreover, if the present trend toward a highly-specialized, mobile Army continues, these draftees are likely to be left with little to do but peel potatoes. They are not around long enough to train for much else. Certainly the Army can make little use of two-year conscripts in the Vietnam sort of counter-insurgency work; nor can they be very well suited to the taut discipline required by a battle-ready division which waits at home to be shipped at a moment's notice to the front.

The Defense Department might fare better if it were to go forth into the swollen labor markets and recruit high-school drop-outs and other members of the unskilled labor force. What it would lose by reducing its standards, it might well make up for by finding devoted recruits, for past experience shows that re-enlistment is higher at the bottom rung of the IQ ladder than at the top. More time and money will be needed to teach a man with meager skills and meager job prospects than would be required to train a high school teacher who was drafted. But the Army has training programs fitted to these purposes; and the Congress has been considerate in allowing it appropriations. It may be said that under such a system US fighting strength will be reduced, but until the plan is given a fair trial this is mere conjecture. One high Pentagon official, in declaring his opposition to the draft, has said we will never know whether we can do without Selective Service until we try an alternative.

Pennsylvania Politics

The late President Kennedy was relying on Philadelphia Boss Bill Green to deliver Pennsylvania to him a second time in 1964. Green and his organization did that handsomely in 1960 when the 330,544-vote margin for Kennedy in Philadelphia offset Nixon's lead of 215,218 votes in the rest of the state.

Representative Green's sudden death on December 21 therefore left a major political void for the Democrats in a strategic center. The Green men who run the efficient Philadelphia machine – which operates on a mixture of modern polling methods and old-fashioned patronage – rushed, however, to assure the succession of one of themselves as County Chairman. They neatly by-passed Democratic Mayor Richard Tate, an organization man who, as Mayor, has fallen out with his former friends in the Green Machine. The County Executive Committee quietly convened and elected as its new chairman the late Boss Green's top assistant, Francis R. Smith, without notifying one member – Mayor Tate – that there was to be a meeting. Smith, a six-foot-two, 215-pound former basketball center, is considered by his colleagues a "take-charge guy." Under him continuity is assured. The Philadelphia machine should again be able to deliver the requisite margin to Mr. Johnson next November – especially if party harmonizers can negotiate a truce between Smith and Tate.

The careful new head of the Democratic Party has been devoting some personal attention to this problem. President Johnson has had some friendly words to say to Senator Joseph Clark, the independent-minded liberal who has not always been on good terms with the Green group in his native city but is allied with Tate. The President has also been consulting with former Governor David Lawrence who more than once has

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served as a unifying force among Pennsylvania Democrats. The former Governor and former Mayor of Pittsburgh now occupies a grand suite in the Executive Offices next door to the White House, from which he will be keeping in touch with all the party factions back home in the interest of Lyndon Johnson.

The Judge

The country faces again the peril of a national railroad strike. The threat this time comes from the signalmen, members of a craft which all parties for once concede to be essential to the operations of the roads. The signalmen are electro-machinists responsible for the maintenance of signal devices which, they assert, grow steadily more complex and demand skills worth 25 cents more than the $2.74 an hour the men are paid.

Mr. Johnson has called again on the devices of reason provided by the Railway Labor Act, and has appointed a three-man emergency board to hear the issues and to recommend a settlement embodying the highest possible balance of justice with economic common sense and the public good. Its members are Chairman James C. Hill, a distinguished labor arbitrator; Professor Joseph Schister, an equally distinguished labor economist; and Michael B. Deane, a former government economist who graduated to the sugar lobby.

Michael Deane was one of the last beneficiaries of General Trujillo's long program of grants-in-aid to distressed American enterprisers. He received, if he did not earn, a total of $90,000 for work to improve the image of the Dominican dictatorship with Democratic liberals during the end of Dwight Eisenhower's Administration and the beginning of John F. Kennedy's. His efforts were less interesting for what he was able to do to help Trujillo than for the prodigies of imagination he employed to convince his client of his powers. He told Trujillo that he had argued the Dominican case in private meetings with the Secretary of Agriculture, that Senator Hubert Humphrey had offered him help and advice, that he had been invited to the White House by the President, and that he was reporting a private and confidential conversation with Chairman Fulbright of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

Last summer, Deane confessed to the Foreign Relations Committee that: he had sought but not been given an appointment with Secretary of Agriculture Freeman; that Senator Humphrey's only advice had been for him to drop the Trujillo account; that his White House invitation had been to a large Democratic National Committee reception; and that the quotations from his "private" conversation with Senator Fulbright had come from the transcript of a press conference. "In these communications," Deane explained, "you tend to exaggerate a little."

The moral peril to most lobbyists is that they might fall to telling fibs to the American government about the foreign government which is paying them. Deane is acquitted of any such charge; he fibbed only to his client.

We forbid the signalmen to strike, which is denying them an important democratic right. The least, the very least we can do for them in return is to promise them a hearing by self-respecting, informed and serious judges. Deane's *curriculum vita* indicates no special experience with railroad or labor economics; his acceptance of Trujillo as a client indicates little self-respect; and his performance of that contract was devoid of that good faith and serious effort which even such a client as Trujillo deserves from the man he buys. In this case, the public is Michael Deane's client. How can President Johnson believe that such a man is qualified to be paid $100 a day to tell us whether a railway signalman deserves to make $3 an hour?

Not Sporting

Aspiring plumbers, engineers and physicists on signing their first contract of employment don't bargain their liberty away: American baseball players do. Now, some highly respected Senators want to extend this modern form of chattel slavery to other major professional sports, including football, basketball and hockey.

Medieval serfs went with the land, belonged to its owner, and were not permitted to work for anyone else. Today's baseball players are in much the same plight. Talented young players, knowing this, sometimes manage to hold out for large bonuses before they agree to sign a contract. Others however are beglamored by the chance to become professionals and sign the first contract they're offered. The shrewdies have a lot of angry scorn poured on them by the sports writers of the US press, who berate them as "holdouts," as if asking for more pay were somehow unsporting. The press also writes openly about players being bought and sold, as if they were race horses, or pet dogs.

An employer may get $100,000 and up by selling a first-rate player, but the player rarely gets the chance to share the loot of his body. All he usually gets is whatever rate of pay he can bargain out of his new employer. To ask for a percentage of the gross from the system of chattel slavery of which he is the victim is to risk being condemned in sporting circles as somebody who is worse even than a "holdout."

A player who has either outlived his usefulness, or suffered some disablement likely to put him out of action for good, is called a "free agent." What this means is that he is being let out of his contract and permitted to make his own bargain with some other employer, now that he is of no further use. Should he

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be fortunate enough to find another employer to offer him a new contract, he becomes a chattel again the moment he signs it.

The wages paid to those in the major leagues generally are large enough to make it look as though they were being generously treated. Men of lesser skills, in duller trades and professions, often express great envy, quite apart from the glamor and excitement that are universally supposed to be perquisites of the job. But employment by the big leagues calls for a peak of physical fitness that rarely endures for longer than some half-dozen years. A player who has spent as long as 10 years in the big time is referred to in reverential terms, as though he were a sort of latter-day Methuselah.

In 1922, Congress okayed this chattel slavery by freeing professional baseball from the antitrust laws. In 1953, the Supreme Court refused to upset it, saying that it was a matter for Congress and not the courts. Now, a bill designed by Republican Senator Keating of New York, sponsored by Democratic Senator Hart of Michigan, and supported by other eminent Senators, like Dirksen and Dodd, proposes to extend the evil practice. Senator Hart's excuse is that it will promote "the public enjoyment." How about the welfare of the players whom it will put in bondage?

Police in Dallas

District Attorney Henry Wade of Dallas says a complete investigation into the shooting of Lee Harvey Oswald shows there was no collusion between the Dallas police and Jack Ruby, the man who shot Oswald in the basement of the city jail. Captain Will Fritz, chief of homicide in the Dallas Police Department, says officers guarding Oswald were blinded by television lights when Ruby stepped forward and jabbed a revolver at Oswald's abdomen.

Wade's statement may or may not be true. We expect the Warren Commission is exploring this point. Fritz's statement is undoubtedly true, in a figurative sense. The Dallas police were so blinded by the unaccustomed national attention they received that weekend in November, when the shocked nation was hanging on every word they uttered, that they became actors in part and abandoned part of their role as law enforcement professionals. That is the simplest explanation why Chief of Police Jesse Curry announced the night before the schedule for moving Oswald to the county jail, why police made only a haphazard inspection of the credentials of the swarm of newsmen who crowded into the basement to see the start of the transfer, why no one was searched for possible concealed weapons, and why Ruby, a well-known police hanger-on who had been mingling with reporters throughout the investigation, was permitted to stand with them in the group that awaited Oswald's march toward the armored car that was to take him safely to the new cell.

What's That, Barry?

A note on "Goldwater's Chances" last week erroneously reported that the Gallup Poll of January 2 gave Lyndon Johnson 75 percent of Southern votes as against 20 percent for Barry Goldwater. That figure, however, was for the nation as a whole; in the South, Johnson was a 70 percent favorite, as against 24 percent for Goldwater and 6 percent either undecided or for some other candidate. But the estimate in last week's note that Goldwater's chances of becoming President this year are as distant as the moon needs no revision. Neither the Senator's press conference at which he announced his candidacy, nor his appearance a few days later on *Meet the Press*, nor his subsequent remarks in New Hampshire make his election, or even his nomination, any the more plausible.

The truth is that Barry Goldwater has got out of his depths. He is vague, not because he is clever, but because he is ill-informed. His mind is a sea of phrases, none of which reaches the shore of understanding. He does not grasp a problem, he stands in front of it. When the poor man dares to fish out a hard fact, he is as likely as not to get it wrong: having been told by someone that the political scientist, Hans Morgenthau, had written somewhere that the limited nuclear test-ban treaty is open to criticism, the Senator on *Meet the Press* called him a "great physicist."

The television encounter was embarrassing. There was a swipe at Rockefeller's millions ("He's used to giving money away and I'm not"); a jab at Eisenhower (he hadn't been in touch with the General because "I don't know where his private car is today."); a poke at

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economists who advise government (he'd be happy if they "had ever earned a dollar in our enterprise system"). Goldwater seems not to know that the Soviet Union went right on being what it was, though unrecognized by the United States from 1918 to 1933. He is sure Mr. Khrushchev would "do a lot of things to keep us from it [withdrawing US recognition]." But whether the Senator would, if elected President, actually cut off diplomatic relations with the USSR remains iffy. "Yes, I would," was his answer to the direct question, but then the answer began to be qualified and to appear more and more as a blackmail threat. And anyway, he added, the President could not do this by himself. He would "have to have the Senate agree"; which is nonsense, as anyone knows who remembers Eisenhower's severance of diplomatic relations with Cuba.

The Senator has not changed his mind about the US pulling out of the UN should Red China be admitted, but this does not worry him because he is quite sure the United Nations could not live if the United States were not a member; and even if it did, by pulling out we would "accomplish the protection of ourselves" – somehow, some way, some day.

Would he resume testing in the atmosphere? Judging from his sharp criticism of the limited test-ban treaty because it does prohibit our testing in the atmosphere, one would have thought the answer would be an unequivocal "yes." No. He would resume testing only "if it's in our interest." Well is it or isn't it?

And would he, if he were President, give up searching for avenues of agreement with the Russians? Not exactly; he would "continue peace probes because that's part of the art of war"; they are an "important part of any military operation."

On civil rights, he would enforce school segregation (though it is unclear why, since he has said repeatedly that the federal government has no right to interfere with education in the states); he would not use federal troops, however, as President Kennedy did in Oxford, Mississippi; but it would be all right to enforce court decrees with federal marshals. The untutored may find it hard to see any significant distinction between armed federal marshals and federal troops, or how to avoid using troops if, as in Oxford, marshals are unable alone to maintain order.

What is his program for ending poverty? "I'd cut taxes." But because he is no "me-too Republican," he is against tax cuts sponsored by Democrats.

It boils down to – nothing; or rather: why not victory – for Goldwater? Consistency is as elusive as clarity. In 1960, his moral sense was outraged because Lyndon Johnson campaigned for the Presidency and the Senate simultaneously. Today, Goldwater does likewise, for "when the teacher himself is running, I would like to be a rather good student." Which is to say – me too.

Passing Out Money Among Artists

When, on December 16, the Ford Foundation announced a grant of $7,756,000 to eight American ballet organizations, a great howl went up on behalf of – and in some cases from – organizations which had been overlooked. Critics complained that the bulk of the money was earmarked for the New York City Ballet and its school, and the rest went to companies which owe their allegiance to this distinguished group and its founders, George Balanchine and Lincoln Kirstein. The hard-pressed American Ballet Theatre was overlooked, as were the "modern dance" groups. Miss Martha Graham, who had earlier shattered public opinion by owning up to her age – 70 – was quick to denounce the grant as a blow to all outside the Balanchine fold. Sol Hurok tactlessly mentioned that "foundation money is, indirectly, taxpayers' money. . . ." And Mr. Hurok is correct. The golden age of government subsidy to the arts is already with us, and has been with us for a long time. Proponents of government aid have generally held the view that subsidy in the United States should take the form that it takes in other countries: specifically the welfare states of Western Europe, where legislatures allocate the funds to support the arts; the money goes from the taxpayer to the government to the artist. Mr. Hurok is pointing out that we Americans have evolved a distinctive national style of aiding the arts, via philanthrophy.

In supplying this aid, there are three problems common to all artists: the recognition of talent, its development, and the rewarding of success. We are faulty in our solutions to all three. First, we are lopsided in education. A person talented in any art can expect to get his training for little or nothing. Some schools for the gifted, such as Juilliard, do expect prosperous scholarship students to pay part of their fee; but in most schools, tuition-paying students are looked on by their teachers as probably not worth much.

We are so lopsided on this score that the process of becoming educated is given precedence over being educated. Thousands of young poets, novelists, dancers, composers, pianists and painters are not so much graduated as spewed out of colleges, art schools and conservatories every year. Our society is not prepared to use them. Gifted and highly-trained youngsters, taught that they had earned a high opinion of themselves, must face the fact that there are very few places where they are wanted.

And another element is insinuated. With luck, a soprano can command a fee of $4,500 an evening; without it, she may get $75 a week. But, given the in-

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come-tax structure, the $4,500 soprano is lucky if her take-home pay is $100 per engagement. The late President will be dead a long time before anybody has got over that school-marmish platitude, "Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country." The going slogan among the practicing artists is that they can give the country nothing, because it is giving them nothing, and this is true in the sense that the one thing the country has to offer (and hasn't yet) is tax relief.

For artists in the middle of their careers, there is a hierarchy of preferment. Academic opportunities are considered soft, while responsible capitalistic positions (like those held by Charles Ives and Wallace Stevens) are considered hard. Outside of jobs, there is a great Smorgasbord of Fellowships and grants in aid. But no grant in the US supplies an artist with a sustained living. In general, the best grants are the short-term residencies offered by Yaddo, the MacDowell Colony and the Huntington Hartford Foundation. These institutions are modest in their aims and, through the years, accommodate more candidates than they can hope to be proud of. At the same time, virtually all of the significant creative artists in the US will, at one time or another, have availed themselves of the hospitality of Yaddo, MacDowell or Hartford – where residence is for a couple of months or even less.

What about prizes?

A few months ago, *Esquire* magazine published a list of important American novels, paired with the books that won Pulitzer prizes in the year they were published. A deliberate act of whimsy could not have produced a sharper contrast. The Pulitzer's music committee, by awarding the prize to a few safe composers several times, has come up with some decent pieces. But the inscrutable fiction committee has come up with virtually nothing worth remembering. The National Book Award has shown much greater care in its selections, and has actually drawn attention to authors of merit who might otherwise have been neglected.

The effect of these prizes is to make life easier for their recipients by sending publishers and buyers in their direction. And if a thousand dollar Pulitzer Prize can help an author, imagine what a few million dollars can do for a ballet company. Miss Graham is right: a ballet company with a Ford grant has an unfair advantage over its rivals; and I'd like to know, for sure, if the companies being helped by the grants are, in fact, part of a Balanchine clique. If they are, it is bad – too bad, in just the way that it would be too bad if the government went in for disbursing the funds directly and got taken over by cliques and factions.

Mr. Hurok suggested that there ought to be some control over these grants. By whom? I would rather have the Ford Foundation being unfair to Martha Graham than to have a lot of Congressmen subpoenaing dancers to find out if they believe in God. Let the government give Martha a medal, but let the disbursing of cash follow the more-or-less private patterns that have already been set.

Robert Evett

Let the Chips Fall

Udall Takes His Stand

A daring man is Congressman Morris K. Udall, Democrat from Arizona, and the brother of the Secretary of the Interior (neither of whom, incidentally and contrary to press speculation, intends to run for the Senate against Mr. Goldwater this year). In a recent speech in Congress, he gently pulled the public's leg about two weighty subjects, Economy and Spending. Representative Udall said:

"In regard to federal spending, I find in some parts of my state a clear consensus that we should have lower taxes but more defense, fewer federal aid programs but more federal money spent in Arizona, less bureaucracy but more jobs for deserving constituents. I'm not at all sure that my state is unique in this respect.

"I received a letter from one constituent asking my views on federal spending, and I drafted a reply. I was about to mail it when I decided to give the matter just a little further thought. However, I put so much work into the letter that I thought it might be of some value to those of my colleagues who find themselves similarly hard-pressed on the federal spending issue."

Mr. Udall's unmailed reply to his constituents reads:

"Dear Friend:

"You have expressed alarm at the rate of federal spending, and asked me as your Congressman where I stand. I had not intended to discuss this controversial question at this particular time. However, I want you to know that I do not shun a controversy. On the contrary I will take a stand on any issue at any time no matter how fraught with controversy it may be. Here is exactly how I stand.

"If, when you say 'federal spending', you mean the billions of dollars wasted on outmoded naval shipyards and surplus airbases in Georgia, Texas and New York; if you mean the billions of dollars lavished at Cape Kennedy and Houston on a 'moondoggle' our nation cannot afford; if, sir, you mean the $2 billion wasted each year in wheat and corn price supports which rob

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Midwestern farmers of their freedoms and saddle taxpayers with outrageous costs of storage in already bulging warehouses; if you mean the $4 billion spent every year to operate veterans hospitals in other states in order to provide 20 million able-bodied veterans with care for civilian illness; if you mean such socialistic and pork-barrel projects as urban renewal, public housing and TVA which cynically seek votes while robbing our taxpayers and weakening the moral fiber of millions of citizens in our Eastern states; if you mean the bloated federal aid to education schemes calculated to press federal educational controls down upon every student in this nation; if you mean the $2 billion misused annually by our Public Health Service and National Institutes of Health on activities designed to prostitute the medical profession and foist socialized medicine on every American; if, sir, you mean all these ill-advised, unnecessary federal activities which have destroyed state's rights, created a vast, ever-growing, empire-building bureaucracy regimenting a once free people by the illusory bait of cradle-to-grave security, and which indeed have taken us so far down the road to socialism that it may be, even at this hour, too late to retreat – then I am unyielding, bitter, and four square in my opposition, regardless of the personal or political consequences.

"But, on the other hand, if when you say 'federal spending' you mean those funds which maintain Davis-Monthan Air Force Base, Fort Huachuca and other Arizona defense installations so vital to our nation's security, and which every year pour hundreds of millions of dollars into our state's economy; if you mean the Truman-Eisenhower-Kennedy-Johnson mutual security program which bolsters our allies along the periphery of the Iron Curtain, enabling them to resist the diabolical onslaught of a Godless Communism and maintain their independence; if you mean those funds to send our brave astronauts voyaging, even as Columbus, into the unknown, in order to guarantee that no aggressor will ever threaten these great United States by nuclear blackmail from outer space; if you mean those sound farm programs which insure our hardy Arizona cotton farmers a fair price for their fiber, protect the sanctity of the family farm, ensure reasonable prices for consumers, and put to work for all the people of the world the miracle of American agricultural abundance; if you mean those VA programs which pay pensions to our brave soldiers crippled in mortal combat and discharge our debt of honor to their widows and orphans and which provide employment for thousands of Arizonans in our fine VA hospitals in Tucson, Phoenix and Prescott; if, sir, you refer to such federal programs as the Central Arizona Reclamation project which will, while repaying 95 percent of its cost with interest, provide our resourceful people with water to insure the growth and prosperity of our state; if you mean the federal educational funds which build desperately needed college classrooms and dormitories for our local universities, provide little children in our Arizona schools with hot lunches (often their only decent meal of the day), furnish vocational training for our high school youth, and pay $10 million in impact funds to relieve the hard-pressed Arizona school property taxpayers from the impossible demands created by the presence of large federal installations; if you mean the federal medical and health programs which have eradicated the curse of malaria, small-pox, scarlet fever and polio from our country, and which even now enable dedicated teams of scientists to close in mercilessly on man's age-old enemies of cancer, heart disease, muscular dystrophy, multiple sclerosis, and mental retardation that afflict our little children, senior citizens and men and women in the prime years of life; if you mean all these federal activities by which a free people in the spirit of Jefferson, Lincoln, Teddy Roosevelt, Wilson and FDR, through a fair and progressive income tax, preserve domestic tranquillity and promote the general welfare while preserving all our cherished freedoms and our self-reliant national character, then I shall support them with all the vigor at my command.

"That is my stand and I will not compromise."

MORRIS K. UDALL

FOREIGN REPORTS

ITALY: *The Persuader*

★ Italy's Prime Minister, Aldo Moro, is leader of the majority party, the Christian Democrats, and is therefore one of the few powerful men in Italy. Yet he is practically unknown. He does not draw attention to himself at all; he does not appear on television; he jealously guards his privacy. His wife is never seen at any official reception. Signor Moro is timid, lazy, and not very ambitious; or rather, not ambitious in the traditional way, in this country of the prima donna. Once, the Prime Minister put off settling a Cabinet crisis because, he said, his youngest boy was ill and insisted on being fed by his father.

But Moro is a patient man. He has a kind of polite, exhausting, oriental calm with which he appeases the most fuming passions and which he uses to soften the hardest blows between political antagonists. Finally, he is an egghead. He believes in reason and is convinced that, if one formulates a problem precisely, one is very near to its solution. He is, in fact, a master in the invention of linguistic formulas which his adversaries de-

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scribe as ambiguous, and even "Byzantine." But to Moro, his formulas are only an exact way of expressing a precise shade of meaning. Thus, for example, he defines his left-center Cabinet's politics as a "novelty in continuity," and during his negotiations with the Nenni Socialists he bridged the differences between the extreme pro-Atlanticists and the more moderate supporters of an Atlantic community by suggesting that the new government's program was one of "loyalty" rather than "fidelity" to NATO.

These are double-edged qualities of mind and character that cut two ways. On the one hand, they contradict the stereotype of the egocentric, tempermental and superficial Italian. On the other, they strengthen the image of the Italian as a learned man, a subtle scholar educated by both Machiavelli and the Jesuits.

In any case, these are the qualities which have made the new Prime Minister successful in his own party, and with which he has persuaded the Christian Democrats to accept a new political venture – the collaboration between Socialists and Catholics. Here in his government as vice president is Pietro Nenni, an excommunicated Catholic, the winner of a Stalin prize, and the leader of a party many of whose members would like to see priests and bourgeois capitalists both put on the rack.

Five years ago, when Moro was 42 and had just become the leader of the Christian Democratic Party, the mere mention of the possibility of a coalition with the Socialists nearly brought about a party split. Sixty percent of the Christian Democrats, backed by all of the patronage of the party and by the ecclesiastical hierarchy and by most of the Americans of importance, adamantly refused to have any contact with the Socialists. Little by little, Moro managed to overcome all resistance and to go forward with his plans. He convinced not only his own party, but also the Socialists, which was far more difficult; and he did it though they knew that the price of entering his government would be fixed by the Catholics.

On precisely what this price is, there are some very different opinions. The left wing of the Socialist Party condemned it as capitulation, and 25 of the Socialist deputies out of the 87 refused to vote for the new government. Within Signor Moro's own ranks, it was finally necessary to have a warning from the Vatican (and some concessions under the counter) in order to keep the Christian Democratic ranks in order.

No government can be considered revolutionary whose most daring proposal domestically is to assert expropriation rights for purposes of public building (to be exercised in three years and at 1958 prices); and which, in foreign affairs, reaffirms its commitments to the Atlantic Alliance – including even its agreement to establishing a multilateral force. The Socialists have won, with Nenni as vice president, some control over economic affairs; but they have been kept away from other key positions in the government.

Still, for Italy the new government is somewhat revolutionary. Here such ideas of a planned economy, making people pay their taxes, and conducting foreign policy along the "Kennedy" lines are still pretty startling for a great many Italians.

The choice before the new government is not between Socialism and capitalism, but between "neocapitalism" and the capitalism of the past. The "price" Prime Minister Moro levied on the Socialists may be considered high. However, it is the minimum price that the Italian middle class would be willing to charge for admitting the Socialists to the corridors of power. Nenni has understood this, and that is why he has come into the government just recently formed realizing at the same time that by his participation he is seriously endangering the electoral prospects and the unity of his Socialist Party.

BRITAIN: *Back on the Beat*

★ Outside of Europe the British were once the world's policemen, patrolling a beat that stretched from Suez to Singapore and beyond. Time blunted the lion's paws. Cyprus and Malaysia are only two out of several trouble spots where the British are undermanned.

British troops may be pulled out of Germany for duties elsewhere, even though this would painfully remind the Germans how Sir Anthony Eden (now Lord Avon) infuriated Bonn nine years ago, by recommending a thinning out of forces in Central Europe. But the British seem determined to avoid reintroducing conscription in an election year.

The US would not be made happy by a cut in the British forces in Europe. Defense Secretary McNamara argued recently that the NATO countries ought to increase their forces in Europe, since only a few more divisions would make them a match for the Soviet divisions which were not nearly as numerous as had been supposed. But the British are standing Mr. McNamara on his head. They say that if the "Soviet hordes" are a myth, then there is all the more excuse for keeping fewer British troops on the Continent of Europe.

British defense experts worry more about Malaysia than about Cyprus. Though further flare-ups between Turks and Greeks in Cyprus are expected during the difficult negotiations that lie ahead, these are unlikely to impair the effectiveness of Britain's two biggest air bases on foreign soil, Akrotiri and Dehekelia. The bases in Sarawak and Sabah, in Malaysia, are a different matter. They would presumably be lost, if the Indonesians succeeded in overrunning that part of Malaysia.

Britain would like to have US and Australian mili-

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tary support in Malaysia. The US, however, is reluctant to lose the last scrap of its influence in Indonesia, and also, the Philippines supports the Indonesians. The Australians fear that if they move forces to Sarawak and Sabah, they will be attacked by the Indonesians in New Guinea.

Although the UN may send an "observer," with a staff, to Cyprus, the international organization is not keen to get involved in either Cyprus or Malaysia. Many Afro-Asian members of the UN regard the Cyprus affair as a quarrel among the (white) NATO countries, and therefore is none of their business. As far as Malaysia is concerned, they tend to sympathize with the Indonesian view that Malaysia is an artificial creation of the British; it is doubtful that a call on the UN to intervene on Malaysia's behalf would be approved by a majority of the General Assembly (the Russians would be sure to veto any such move in the Security Council). Nor is Britain anxious to call on the UN. The Tories on whom Prime Minister Sir Alec Douglas-Home leans for much of his support blasted the UN for its "police action" in the Congo, and remain distrustful of any UN intervention.

SOUTH CHINA SEA: *Punch-drunk*

★ Malaysia and Indonesia are turning the South China Sea into the Balkans of Asia. Malaysia, only four months old and still trying to find a footing, is threatened by Indonesia, whose President Sukarno is said to be listening to astrologers as Hitler did. The Indonesians have 18,000 guerrilla fighters in Borneo on the 900-mile frontier with Sarawak and Sabah, the two states of Malaysia that Sukarno claims should go to him. The British have 6,000 troops in Sarawak and Sabah, and fear Sukarno may start a big push while he still has the edge in numbers.

Sukarno has pushed his country deeper into bankruptcy. As the emphasis on armaments has increased, the economy has deteriorated. The price of rice has tripled in the past year; textiles have disappeared; industrial production has dropped to 20 percent of capacity. Civil servants stay away from work; policemen join gangs of thieves and security forces fight among themselves. The $300 million in economic assistance which Sukarno hoped to get from the US, Japan, West Germany and the International Monetary Fund was denied him once he went after Malaysia. Even the Soviets show little enthusiasm for backing him any more.

Sukarno and his chief assistant, Dr. Subandrio, talk of "pioneering the revolution of mankind." But the going is slow. Sukarno has not been able thus far to stir up much enthusiasm for another Bandung Conference, and he is left to hold athletic contests for Afro-Asians, whom he rather grandly calls the Newly Emerging Forces.

In fact, Sukarno's policies enhance only one political faction: the Communists, whose party membership is now 2.5 million. The cost of his ambition is measured in the despair of the Indonesian people, which may yet turn them to the discipline the Communists offer.

The Communists also have an appeal to the Chinese of Malaysia, who account for nearly half the population of that new nation; their relations with the Malays have been cold. Within Singapore, where most of them live and which is the wealthiest section of Malaysia, the Communist Chinese have been held back only by the political dexterity of the local prime minister, Lee Kwan Yew who has benefited by an economic boom. But in Sarawak, the Chinese minority is regarded as being completely under the thumb of Peking.

CYPRUS: *Match in the Hay*

★ A Turkish official in Washington last week mourned the wiping out of his entire family, in the vicious fighting that cost 200 to 300 lives on the island of Cyprus. The casualties were the grisly climax to three years of bitter feuding between 500,000 Greeks (81 percent of the population) and 100,000 Turks (19 percent). Both sides were egged on by noisy island newspapers; both fought with arms smuggled from without the country.

But the match that fired the dry hay was struck by Archbishop Makarios, president of Cyprus and head of the Greek Orthodox Church. Tired of continual legislative stalemates that produced such anomalies as nobody paying any taxes for over a year, he proposed amending the Constitution to rob the Turks of their minority veto. Eight Turkish deputies can block any important law, and the island's vice president, a Turk, can veto any Cabinet decision.

As at a signal, machine-guns appeared in Nicosia, the capital, on minarets, apartment houses, and the balconies of the Saray, a new luxury hotel in the old town's Turkish quarter. Turkish police left their posts to fight alongside their compatriots. Snipers went into action. Roving bands of Greeks and Turks shot to death members of the other community. Factories, stocked with food and ammunition, became field headquarters.

Turkey and Greece are supposed to be the NATO guardians of the eastern end of the Mediterranean. But now they are absorbed in their quarrel over Cyprus. The Greeks talk of swapping Turks in Cyprus for Greeks from Istanbul, to make Cyprus wholly Greek. The Turks want the island partitioned; they would join their part to Turkey, and have Turkish troops standing guard over a new international frontier, in a tiny but divided island, against a NATO partner.

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AID–Diagnosed to Death

by Helen Hill Miller

The Agency for International Development is always having its pulse felt and its head examined and its alleged infirmities treated – aspirin in 1951, antibiotics in 1953, faith healing in 1957 and surgery in 1961. Now it is undergoing further examination by a Johnson committee under instruction to come up fast with new diagnosis and treatment by January 15.

Last year President Kennedy had AID reviewed by a committee under Lucius Clay. President Johnson's group, chaired by Undersecretary of State George Ball, has AID Administrator David Bell, Budget Director Kermit Gordon, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury John C. Bullitt, Assistant Secretary of Defense William Bundy, Peace Corps Director Sargent Shriver, Special Presidential Assistant Ralph Dungan, and the immediate past president of the World Bank, Eugene Black, who also served on the Clay Committee. The committee is focusing its attention on the structure of AID.

The somber background of the inquiry (some say autopsy) is that, in Congress, AID can only go up, or out; it hit bottom last year. In a sense it was a false bottom; so unfavorable a grouping of forces could hardly coalesce again. In the House Appropriations Committee, the Agency's request for funds encountered the perennial enmity of Congressman Passman at a time when the executive branch was concentrating on the proposed tax cut and the civil rights bill. Also, the Clay Committee's critical report had served to turn the Congressional tide of disapproval into a flood. And whereas the aid program had heretofore received repeated shots in the arm from Stalin and then Khrushchev, the Moscow Menace has recently seemed less ominous. Finally, the dismal events in Southeast Asia last year caused many a Congressman to say: "So we put a million dollars a day into South Vietnam, and what did we get?"

President Johnson tried to hasten the laggard pace of the AID legislation just before Christmas, and the consequent upset in legislators' Christmas vacation plans won no new friends for AID. Even the liberal-minded Senator Fulbright finished the session feeling so frustrated that he indicated he would like to hand over the military part of aid to his colleague, Richard Russell, and hand over the rest of the program to international agencies.

What next? Within Mr. Johnson's committee, there are a number of jostling ideas about how bad off AID really is and how to make it healthy. One notion is to cut up and parcel out its functions among a number of agencies, both US and international. Another is to incorporate all of the Agency for International Development, or anyway more of it, in the State Department. A third idea is to hold on to the existing disperser of aid, but put it on a diet.

The basic disagreement among the doctors is between "hard-noses" and "mush-mouths." The hard-nosed brigade tends to regard the present volume of foreign assistance as a boondoggle. The chief hard-nose, Undersecretary Ball, might not be inclined to go that far. Nevertheless, he wants AID to be merged into the State Department, so that AID funds will be spent only on what the diplomats believe is the "national interest." Christian principles, which the hard-noses suspect the mush-mouths of harboring, may be suitable for individual but not for official implementation. To this, the mush-mouths retort in the words of President Johnson: "The rich must help the poor." And they go on to insist that the country's warm endorsement of the Peace Corps proves Americans can rise to principle.

There is an in-between group, which seeks to justify continuation of aid on a big scale on the ground of enlightened self-interest. They point out that the US is desperately interested in the evolution as well as the preservation of open societies. Most of the underdeveloped countries do not have notably democratic governments; but the degree of despotism varies. Where the leaders of such countries are more concerned with internal development than fighting their neighbors, the US national interest is served by helping such countries and their leaders to make progress.

The various structural proposals before the Ball Committee are embedded in these divergent views. Dispersal of AID's functions would mean putting its loan program into the Export-Import Bank, or into a separate organization like the Development Loan Fund as was tried between 1957 and 1961. The Agency's business loans would go into the Commerce Department, under Undersecretary Franklin D. Roosevelt; its agricultural work into the Department of Agriculture; and its military support program would be taken over by the Department of Defense. Finally, if this pattern were adopted, the US would make greater use of appropriate international organizations.

Part of the motive, in this instance, is to tuck AID away into corners Congressmen may not find. This is

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a time-honored device, but not for that reason workable now. In past years, for example, the Export-Import Bank has turned a glassy eye upon projects that were held to be less fiscally sound (though perhaps necessary to the country being aided) than the items in its own portfolio, though there has recently been a softening of this attitude. In any case, it is highly unlikely that Congress would give AID the authority to borrow from the Treasury that the Export-Import Bank now enjoys. With both Export-Import Bank loans and AID loans almost wholly tied to American purchases, the existence of two sources of funds rather than just one may be confusing to overseas borrowers; yet a merger would have to take into account the different approaches of the two agencies' respective staffs.

The lending operations of the International Development Agency of the World Bank range from $60 to $100 million a year, in contrast with a US AID program of over $1 billion. IDA's money is derived from joint contributions of member nations. For some time, the US has urged, with small success, other nations to make more loan funds available through such international mechanisms as IDA, the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, etc. Obtaining increased matching contributions, even to a fund of which the US supplies some 60 percent, would seem to be impracticable. And if, according to an alternative idea, the World Bank were to be asked to serve as a US agent for loaning out American government money in anything like existing magnitudes, it could hardly maintain its character as an international organization. In either case, the policy that directed the use of the funds would be made by the Bank's internationally composed Board, and it is unlikely that Congress would part with its authority over such large sums.

The idea of integrating the military assistance portion of foreign aid with the Defense Department has long had adherents. Part of the confusion in Congress that began when the original Economic Cooperation Administration was converted into the Mutual Security Administration was due to a specious effort to present, as "defense support," economic development projects ranging from roads to power stations, which Congress it was thought would more willingly approve if they were presented in the name of the national security. A sorting out of what is really military aid and what is really economic assistance, with the former handled by Defense and the latter by AID would certainly be tidier: whether such a division would dry up funds for economic projects is arguable.

If AID's technical assistance projects were handed over to the Peace Corps, this would combine two efforts which, though related in their over-all purpose, are some distance apart in their levels of skills as well as in their time-spans. The Peace Corps' two-year contracts provide low- and middle-level skills for short-term, grass-roots projects. Most of AID's projects, by contrast, run for five to ten years, and provide advanced technology to institutions like health organizations, agricultural extension projects and universities.

If AID were merged with the State Department, it might be completely absorbed, and its functions carried on by Foreign Service Officers and its policy set by an Undersecretary of State for Economic Affairs. Or there might be a structure that maintained separate lines for the permanent functions of the Foreign Service and the temporary functions of economic and technical assistance, but with both lines leading up to the appropriate regional Assistant Secretary, and with control in the office of the Undersecretary. Or again, the geographic bureaus for economic and technical assistance might remain, but with the AID administrator becoming an Undersecretary of State, and with AID's personnel and other housekeeping offices merged with those of the State Department. What, then precisely, would be accomplished? The political advantages of merger seem dubious: what net gain might be expected from a marriage of the least popular agency with the least popular department?

Those who oppose combining AID with the Foreign Service insist, moreover, that a political officer, committed by his training to not rocking the boat, is an unsuitable dispenser of economic help to countries whose boats need rocking. In the hands of a political officer, aid may easily be offered in bargaining for a vote in the UN, or a favorable speech; it may even be used as a tranquillizer when some needy nations begin to act up in a most Un-American way. A mush-mouth may then develop under a hard-nose.

Brazil is a case in point. The State Department finds it politically desirable to support President Goulart. But if we're talking about reforms that mean greater progress and stability, the Brazilian government needs to administer to its resentful people stiff doses of bitter medicine, in order to protect its currency and correct its imbalance of payments.

The contrast between most of Africa and most of the Near East helps to illustrate the problem. Most of the US ambassadors to African countries were handpicked by Mr. Chester Bowles, and are not only new to the foreign service but are just as interested in development projects as the AID missions are. But in the Near East, many of the ambassadors are career men, and many of the governments to which they are accredited represent not the undeveloped masses but the well-entrenched privileged classes who want things to stay just about the way they are. In the Near East, the US ambassadors and the governments are under a temptation to look on such development plans as land reform as being disruptive.

Whether AID is to act on its own or under close diplomatic control, there is wide agreement that AID's

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personnel needs to be overhauled again. If it is therefore decided to keep the AID structure intact but to make internal improvements, the 1964 legislation is likely to contain new authority for selective reduction of the number of employees, which is now more than 12,500. It is alleged that during the 1950's the caliber of AID's staff progressively deteriorated: the more able men left; the less able clung. This claim is just even though staff morale is fragile.

Since 1961, with Congressional authorizations of supergrades in which appointees serve at the pleasure of the administrator without vested rights in their employment, a general improvement has been observed among mission directors and upper-level executives in Washington. They, however, would be the people most likely to be dropped in the case of a merger with the State Department. Below these levels, AID staff overseas are members of the Foreign Service Reserve. Among the latter, AID has authority to "select out," a euphemism for dismissal with what amounts to severance pay; but the Washington staff consists of civil servants whose tenure makes separation difficult, and experience has shown that getting rid of staff by abolishing their jobs through across-the-board reductions in force is practically guaranteed to drop the wrong people. Incorporating the entire AID operation into the Foreign Service Reserve, in a manner parallel to the Wriston plan for the State Department, would provide the means for selective surgery that is needed.

AID is suffering not only from inflated numbers of employees, but also from dropsical budgetary requests. As Congress has tended more markedly to cut appropriations, padding of AID requests has grown. If the President, in setting this year's figures, puts them at more modest levels that represent genuine needs – after consultation with Congressional leaders who in return might offer to try to prevent more than minor cuts – much of the budgetary pretense of recent years could be eliminated. The total may turn out to be under $3.5 billion, as compared with the $4.5 billion that was asked for last year.

Those, like David Bell, who argue for a stripped-down AID that retains its present administrative form, set some goals for the agency to meet over the next two to three years. AID, they say, should break away from the sort of open-ended budget support that has sunk large amounts of money in such client states as South Korea and South Vietnam. The expenditures have kept those countries afloat, but without appreciable starts toward development. South Korea may now be approaching the turning point: Ambassador Sam Berger and mission director James Killen are both "hard-nosed" about money. Turkey has had its last nickel of budget support, and knows it. The point that was made at the start of the Alliance for Progress, that aid will be contingent on the extent of a country's own economic effort, is said to have got across in Chile, Colombia, El Salvador. It will get across to others – if AID can be left alone just long enough to carry through on good beginnings.

Hoffa the Pure

"Everything Can Be Bought and Fixed"

by Murray Kempton

It is not yet six years since the Senate Rackets Committee struck at Dave Beck and destroyed him, and struck at James Hoffa and missed him. All that resulted from those two strokes was the clearing of the only obstacle between Hoffa and full command of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters.

There was nothing for Robert Kennedy, as chief counsel of the Senate Committee, to do except absorb the lesson of how often reform sweeps aside the bad merely to admit the worse; and, as Attorney General, to long perhaps for the return of the accommodating, self-indulgent men who had run the Teamsters before he lifted his sword.

James Hoffa came to office with almost every voice and instrument of organized society against him, yet none of this weighed as much as the resources he had inherited. The Teamsters are an immense piece of property; and property, discreetly administered, nearly always earns forgiveness for any malfeasance in its acquisition. Moreover, he had, if not the support of the ordinary Teamsters – a thing not either measurable or consequential – the support of most of the union pro-

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fessionals, some corrupted by greed and some by an illusory identification with history.

To many Teamster business agents, Hoffa seemed the heightened embodiment of that spirit of helping-the-members-while-helping-themselves, which is their ideal. And, to persons whose daily lives were milder, there was that perverse appeal of the lonely rebel against all that was conventional and ordinary.

"The trouble with most labor leaders," Jimmy Hoffa said once, "is that they want to go to church every Sunday and be recognized as good citizens and be respectable. They don't understand that this is not a respectable business."

But what almost no one understood was that, in his innocence, it had never occurred to Jimmy Hoffa that there is very little to be gained in the world by being all good or all bad.

So now, after only five years, Hoffa seems to be playing out the last months of his illusions of pride and power. His fall, if it is coming at last, is less grand than it deserves to be. For Hoffa, or his inner devil, willed his own disaster; he is the victim of himself and not of hostile social forces; the sight of him should elevate us from ordinary social determinism to the levels of the romantic imagination.

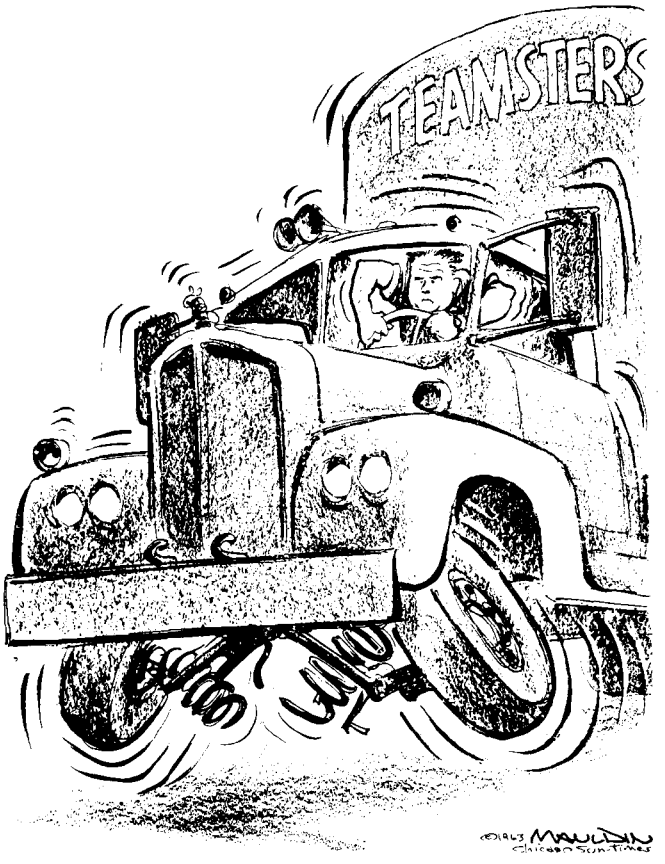
Domestic Troubles

It has always been Hoffa's single, consuming resentment that, no matter where he is, every man in the room is apt to be physically at least two inches taller than he. He is also too small for his stage; instead of watching some tragic hero in him, we seem to look only at some Roman emperor, of the merit, say, of Commodus, whose destiny it is to be stabbed day after day by his domestics with rubber knives, never killed and never comfortable. (Commodus, however, was killed.)

Most of the 13 other members of the Teamsters general executive board are either Hoffa's creatures or were his allies when he came to office. Now there are reports that as many as 10 of these vice presidents have said that they would vote to oust him as president, a dubious report because it is an occupational custom of professional Teamsters to lie to anyone who questions them and, in the rare cases when they speak sincerely, to lie to themselves. But even if the reports are more or less accurate, they are irrelevant. The executive board is neither going to demand nor get the right to vote, despite every evidence that a majority of its members would be glad to see Hoffa depart. The day the Justice Department can seal him in prison and his terrible physical presence is removed, they will think of nothing but ways to keep him from ever returning again.

It is the rock of Jimmy Hoffa's belief that everyone can be bought, that everything can be fixed, and there is no motive but self-interest. He seems to trust no one except his wife and his two children, and that particular faith, being concentrated, is fanatical. Gilbert Chesterton said once that the problem with ceasing to believe in God was not that, thereafter, you would believe in nothing but rather that you would believe in *anything*. Jimmy Hoffa is surrounded by people who conspire with his enemies and have the excuse of feeling morally superior to their victim. If Hoffa knows this, what can he do; who would he trust to replace them?

A thoroughly malignant man is, of course, as alien to ordinary persons as a man absolutely without malice. The day President Kennedy was shot, Lawrence Steinberg, Hoffa's personal assistant and one of the more loyal of his domestics, closed the union headquarters, sent out a message of sorrow, and put the flag at half-mast. Hoffa's reaction to these acts was rage at their hypocrisy; the main consequence of this business was that with John F. Kennedy dead, Robert Kennedy would have to cease his persecutions and leave the Teamsters at peace. He called in Steinberg and Executive Vice President Harold Gibbons and, while he was yelling at them, his own secretary began to weep and Hoffa is reported to have been shocked and outraged by this final show of disloyalty. In the purity of Hoffa's nature, it could not have occurred to him that John F. Kennedy dead was, for the moment, more important



Steering Trouble

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than anyone left alive. Not to have known that was to become pure spirit, cut off from all flesh, all feeling.

The dislike many of Hoffa's lieutenants feel now was preceded only by detachment. In 1958, after Hoffa had been acquitted of conspiracy to spy on the Senate Rackets Committee and had hung the jury trying him for bugging the telephones of his own employees and had been presented with a new and shining second chance, an associate made an observation more acute than any of his enemies ever have:

"You know," he said, "Hoffa's like Joe McCarthy. McCarthy was a man who liked to jump out of windows, just to show people. He jumped from the third story and the fourth and he got all the way up to the 25th and he jumped from that and he broke his neck. That's what Jimmy is. He's jumped from the sixth floor and he's walking up to the seventh and he'll jump and, don't kid yourself, he'll be jumping until he breaks his neck."

Hoffa moves from principle; if he could do the right thing and help himself or do the wrong thing and hurt himself, he will do the wrong thing. If there were the smallest calculation in him, he would have understood that all he need do was to keep quiet, perform good works, and trust that time would heal his good name. Robert Kennedy had risen to be Attorney General, of course, and had begun determined to send Hoffa to prison. But these things, if endured with patience and not exacerbated, will pass. It might not occur to Hoffa; but the Kennedy brothers, struggling with Khrushchev, Castro and de Gaulle, could hardly long think Jimmy Hoffa an especially cosmic problem.

Frying Pan to Fire

The Justice Department gave Hoffa's union a grievous priority, of course; it indicted 193 Teamsters officials and other business associates over a two-and-a-half-year period and has convicted 90. But it took the Attorney General's assistants a year and a half to bring Hoffa to trial in Nashville, Tenn., and, when they did, in 1962, it was for a misdemeanor so ancient and minor that Hoffa could be annoyed that they could tax him with something so trivial and gratified that they could find nothing more substantial. Hoffa has been acquitted on other occasions on much stronger evidence; the case lasted nine weeks and the trial ended with a hung jury, a result which most of the courtroom had expected all along. But the Justice Department moved suddenly to summon a grand jury; and in the spring of last year Hoffa and six other persons were indicted for having tried to bribe two jurors at $10,000 apiece to vote for his acquittal.

Hoffa, in a situation which might have called for minimum decorum, is charged with having on one occasion negotiated directly with a go-between. Z. T. Osborn, his trial lawyer, has been disbarred as a consequence of this shockingly clumsy, however innocent, performance of Hoffa's; and Hoffa thus goes on trial for jury tampering the 20th of this month deprived of the best lawyer he had. If he had been convicted in Nashville, his sentence would have been less than a year. Now the Justice Department claims to have caught him trying to fix the jury, a crime that could send him to prison for five years. "That Hoffa," someone said the other day, "has a genius for improving a misdemeanor charge to a felony."

When Hoffa has completed this ordeal, the Justice Department will try him again on charges that he has been profiting on illegal commissions for loans from the Pension and Welfare Fund of the Central States Conference of Teamsters. Hoffa has loaned close to $30 million from the Pension Fund to various socially beneficial enterprises on the Las Vegas gambling strip and to a group of Florida motels operated by Benjamin Dranow, who had already proved his worth to the Teamster pensioners by defaulting on a $1.2 million loan from their fund and being thereafter convicted of fraudulent bankruptcy. The government does not charge Hoffa with getting rich from these transactions; the $100,000 he is alleged to have made was all consumed paying his debt on a Florida real estate operation that had gone sour. If poor Hoffa is stealing, and there is no proof he is, he has to do it not to get rich but to stay even.

The portfolio of Jimmy Hoffa's pension fund turns out to be a hash of loans to such as Moe Dalitz, reputed ex-rum-runner who controls the Desert Inn in Las Vegas, and to promoters of Shopping Centers called the Miracle Mile and other ventures guaranteed to produce no more than one bankruptcy every six tries. This strange, insecure mixture reflects less on Hoffa's honesty than his judgment as an investor. The man suffers from a radical ignorance about the real source of power in the United States; he seems truly to believe that the Mafia controls the country and it is to this largely mythical power that he renders whatever respect he can command for an American institution.

He can hardly be called a racketeer because he is too innocent to know that the respectability he finds so contemptible in Reuther and Meany is something every sensible racketeer seeks. It may be true that the urge to be respectable is a handicap to honest labor leaders; it is certainly true that the urge to be respectable is essential to uncertainly honest ones. Most Teamster vice presidents understand by now that they cannot be respectable so long as Hoffa is their symbol. What morality could not persuade, conformity has induced. They are not brave enough to throw him out; but, once put away they are smart enough to keep him out. As pure spirits often are, he is the one among them who has to go, unless he takes all of them down too.

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The Wrangle Over Strategy

by Louis J. Halle

On January 22, 1954, Secretary of State Dulles announced that the United States had adopted the strategy that has since become known by the name of "massive retaliation." This is a strategy of depending on the threat of destroying a potential aggressor's cities to deter him from aggression of any sort, including local aggression in places like Vietnam. The announcement aroused alarm and protest among our European allies, who saw themselves being incinerated in a nuclear holocaust that the United States had set off, unilaterally, in retribution for some minor aggression in a remote corner of the world.

On June 16, 1962, Secretary of Defense McNamara announced that the United States proposed to adopt, in place of massive retaliation, the contrary strategy that has since become known by the name of "controlled response." This is a strategy of responding to an aggression by means proportioned to its nature and its scale. A local aggression with small arms would, so to speak, be met locally, and with small arms; an aggression limited to military targets would be met by retaliation limited to military targets; and only an all-out nuclear aggression against cities would be met by all-out nuclear retaliation against cities. The announcement of this strategy, in its turn, aroused alarm and protest in the territory of our European allies, where it was said that in abandoning the strategy of massive retaliation the US was abandoning the defense of Europe, since the deterrence of Soviet aggression against Europe depended on the threat of massive retaliation.

One might dismiss the inconsistency between these two reactions by attributing it to the well-known cussedness of human nature. There is, however, more to the matter than that. While the arguments that are made against the strategy of controlled response are ostensibly strategic arguments, the considerations that motivate them are not necessarily strategic. If, then, we analyze the strategic debate, as I propose to do here (with some simplification), we may at last come down to realities that differ from the appearances.

We begin with the basic strategic considerations, which are paradoxical in that they involve mutually contradictory principles.

One principle is that, the more dangerous the resort to military aggression is made, the more a potential aggressor will be deterred from resorting to it. If we take account of this principle alone, we in the West ought to build a panoply of weapons that would almost surely be fired in the case of any aggression and that would, say, destroy all life in the Northern Hemisphere, when they were fired.

Another principle, however, is that even the most extreme measures of deterrence cannot be guaranteed effective, if only because accidents occur and men behave irrationally. One must be prepared, then, for the contingency of war, and since the overriding objective in such a contingency would be the survival of civilization, one ought to prepare a strategy, and a weapons-system based upon it, that would not, for example, result in the destruction of all life in the Northern Hemisphere should war come in spite of deterrence.

Here, then, are two principles that go counter to each other, together confronting us with a dilemma: the more dangerous we make war the less likely it is to occur, but the worse it will be if it does occur.

Now for a third principle that stems from the second and supports it. The deterrent effect of a threat (according to our first principle) is great in proportion as the threat is terrible. But it is also great in proportion as the potential aggressor is convinced that, if he commits aggression, it will be carried out; and the more terrible the consequences of carrying it out would be, the less likely he is to be so convinced. (A potential aggressor, for example, might find it incredible that the United States would carry out a threat to destroy all life in the Northern Hemisphere in retaliation for the capture of a village in Vietnam – say Dien Bien Phu.) The first principle tells us that the deterrent effect is in direct proportion to the terribleness of the threat; the third that the deterrent effect is in inverse proportion to the terribleness of the threat; and both principles are valid.

Taking all three principles together, then, what we have is a dilemma in which we have to weigh contradictory considerations in order to arrive at a solution that must, at best, be unsatisfactory. Any solution responding to the first principle can be criticized on the basis of the other two; any solution responding to the other two can be criticized on the basis of the first.

This explains how the present debate can represent such contrary views. One European military officer of my acquaintance claims that abandonment of massive retaliation by the United States is virtually the abandonment of deterrence in Europe – a go-ahead signal to Moscow. Another says that the American shift to controlled response showed that Washington was preparing in all seriousness for the contingency of

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actually fighting a war; while the continued Russian adherence to massive retaliation showed that Moscow, by contrast, had been discounting such a contingency. This officer believes that, in consequence, the American shift to controlled response has had a sobering and restraining effect on Moscow.

The United States and France

Since Secretary McNamara's announcement in June, 1962, the context of the strategic debate has, increasingly, been disagreement between the United States and France. To appreciate what lies behind it we must note that the strategy of controlled response is so expensive in its military requirements that only the richest nation on earth feels able to afford it. Nations less rich could meet only the costs of the lesser military requirements for a strategy of massive retaliation. Massive retaliation is limited in its requirements to a nuclear panoply made up of big warheads, and a delivery system accurate enough to land them on cities. Controlled response on the other hand, requires a whole range of weapons and weapons-systems: from non-nuclear (conventional) armament through tactical nuclear artillery to big nuclear warheads with means of delivery accurate enough to place them on enemy missiles in underground silos.

The present debate on strategy within the Western alliance may owe everything to the fact that France can afford an independent massive-retaliation strategy of her own, with its corresponding weapons-system, while only the United States (or the alliance as a whole in dependence on the United States) could afford the luxury of a controlled response strategy.

We may suspect, then, that France has not decided against controlled response because its abstract merits are less than those of massive retaliation. Perhaps she has been influenced by the fact that controlled response implies dependence on the United States, and consequent American predominance in the alliance, while massive retaliation can be made to support French independence. Americans, for their part, are open to the suspicion that they favor controlled response because it would assure the predominance of the United States over its allies.

Both sides in this debate resort to lawyers' arguments that tend to disguise the real issue. The spokesmen of today's France have adopted the argument that the United States, moved by concern for the preservation of its own cities, is simply abandoning the deterrence of aggression in Europe. France, therefore, must step into the breach with means of her own for the deterrence of aggression by the threat of massive retaliation that the United Sates is giving up.

Washington replies by alleging that a French capacity for massive retaliation cannot deter aggression in Europe because the threat that it poses would, in its realization, almost surely entail the destruction of France, and such a threat cannot carry conviction. In this view, which I share, it is almost impossible to imagine, realistically, the contingency in which the government of France would invite the destruction of France by giving its small *force de frappe* the order to attack the cities of the Soviet Union.

Be it noted that the purely strategic argument for a French strategy of massive retaliation is substantially weaker than the argument for an American strategy of massive retaliation (weak as it was) put forward by Mr. Dulles a decade ago; for France in 1964 is vulnerable to counter-retaliation as the United States in 1954 was not. The argument is, in fact, so weak that French spokesmen who put it forward in public do not themselves, in private, give it much credence.

The argument they make in private is somewhat different. By possessing its own independent means of massive retaliation, they say, France can deny to the United States the option of giving up massive retaliation in favor of controlled response. By denying it this option, France adds the threat of massive American retaliation to her own minuscule deterrent threat, whether the United States likes it or not.

How?

At this point the argument becomes tenuous, and I can only express my surprise at what seems to be its universal acceptance. It is that, since the United States would immediately and automatically be involved in any nuclear war in which cities were targets, the United States would have to fight this kind of war if France decided to start it. In a word, with her *force de frappe* France could at any time "trigger off" massive retaliation (or pose the imminent threat of massive retaliation) by the United States. The President of France, using the independent French deterrent, would have virtually the same power as the President of the United States to detonate the American deterrent.

What reason is there to believe that by firing her own *force de frappe* France could, in fact, "trigger off' the American nuclear panoply? I suppose that, as the possibility of such an action by France became vivid, the United States would take steps to make clear its own total dissociation from what France was threatening to do. In case the French threat was carried out nevertheless, I would expect the President of the United States to take up the telephone connecting the White House with the Kremlin in order to inform the Soviet Prime Minister that, since France was acting independently, the United States intended to keep its own forces in leash unless attacked by Soviet forces. This seems to me at least as likely as that the President would simply push the button the minute after it had been pushed in France, or even that he would 'phone the Soviet Prime Minister to tell him that the United

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States would retaliate on Russia for any Russian retaliation on France.

Even the private arguments for the French deterrent, then, if they are followed out, end by going beyond the bounds of what makes sense. Since intelligent persons advance them, however, we must assume that there is sense of some sort behind them, even if hidden. We must ask, at last, what they are really about.

The answer to which this has been leading is that the real issue is not strategic at all. The real issue is that of nationalism *vs* supranationalism. Those who advocate an alliance strategy of controlled response assume that the old-fashioned nation-state, which enjoys a sovereign independence based on autonomous means of self-defense, even when it is less than continental in its dimensions, has been made obsolete by modern technology. Those who assume that the independent nation-state must remain favor a strategy of massive retaliation because the alternative strategy is not within its means. Moreover, even though a national capacity for massive retaliation should be militarily unusable and ineffective as a deterrent, it has an indispensable symbolic value. France's *force de frappe* is like an expensive sword by one's side: whether usable or not, it is the token of rank in the wearer. It gives him prestige, it gains him *entrée* into the highest circles.

This is the issue, and certain human considerations are heavily involved in it. An American enjoys the advantage (which also makes him suspect) that he can advocate the supranational community as the basic self-defensible unit with the knowledge that the United States would be the leader of such a community and would dominate it. He can advocate such supranationalism without sacrificing his nationalism. A Frenchman, however, sees France becoming a satellite of the United States in such a community; and everyone who is anti-American anywhere is impelled to oppose a strategy that would assure American dominance, even though it was distinctly the best strategy. The American strategic argument can hardly be judged on its merit since it incidentally calls for the subordination of other nationalities to the American. This has prompted many Europeans to claim that controlled response is merely a conspiratorial device for assuring the hegemony of the Americans – a charge hard to answer, although, as Lord Gladwyn has observed, "the imperial crown would sit heavily on their weary head."

Transition to Supranationalism

Having defined the real issue in these terms, what conclusion should we come to?

My own conclusion is based on a distinction between the short run and the long. The sovereign nation-state, as it comes down to us from the Nineteenth Century, has proved increasingly inadequate in the Twentieth. The old conception of national communities, each containing within its own boundaries all the essential means for its survival, each containing its own independent means of self-defense, has at last become totally and conspicuously unworkable. Nevertheless, national communities that represent this conception are what we have with us today, and what we have with us today is what we have to work with today, whether we like it or not.

In the short run, then, we have to take the sovereign nation-state as given. We have to make do as best we can with its inadequacies. We Americans, furthermore, have to accept the fact that the diminution in the intensity of the Cold War, which bound our allies to us by a common fear, is today moving them to reassert their national independence. They will not readily accept, therefore, the implications of a strategy that requires them to make sacrifices in order to supply, so to speak, the infantry for a single, supranational military complex that is, essentially, under our control and to which we contribute the nuclear component. The French, at least, will advance any arguments against this, however irrational.

The short run, however, is unlikely to be long. The unworkability of the sovereign nation-state (where it is not also a superstate) has become so obvious that when its chief spokesman, General de Gaulle, makes the argument for it he has to do so ambiguously, in terms that hardly hide its contradictions. (The present situation, he says, "simultaneously justifies alliance and independence. . . . To have allies goes without saying [but one must also] have the free disposition of oneself.") The sovereign nation-state, because it is conspicuously failing to meet the test of workability, is clearly on the way out. In Europe, in Africa, in the Middle East, in Southeast Asia, radical expedients are being tried to build ever-closer association of nation-states. Under the daily chaos of pressures and counter-pressures, supranational communities are forming that must necessarily take the place of their component states as the basic political (and military) units of mankind. This development may at last produce a united Western Europe, it may produce a united Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals, it may produce a Europe that is simply France "writ large," it may produce a single Atlantic community, or it may produce all of these in their varying relationships and degrees. Whatever the new forms will prove to be, as they emerge they will radically alter the strategic problem and establish new terms for its solution. Of one thing only may we be sure: that the rapid development we are witnessing today cannot turn about and go back toward the nation-state of the Nineteenth Century with its sovereign capacity to insure its own self-defense.

As always, then, we have to rely on time as the only solvent.

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The Rise of the Irish

by Richard L. Strout

Just before the death of John F. Kennedy, the President of the United States, the Speaker of the House, the majority leader of the Senate, and the chairman of the party's National Committee were all Irish, all Catholics, and all Democrats. This book helps to explain why.

The American Irish:
A Political & Social Portrait
by William V. Shannon
(Macmillan; $7.95)

It is presented at two levels; on the surface it extolls the Irish, and should go out to East Boston in carload lots. But in addition, it is a detailed and sensitive brief for the liberal cause within the Roman Catholic church as exemplified by the American Irish, and a valuable commentary on Catholic-Protestant relations and on strains within the Church itself.

The turbulent, romantic, clannish and impoverished Irish arrived in America with a king-sized chip on their shoulder and straightway found their particular type of Catholic Puritanism confronted by Puritanism of another kind. After a generation or two they set about improving their social status and working off what many observers (but not Mr. Shannon) would describe as a galloping persecution complex. In this success story of an ethnic group they ultimately did this (or so one hopes) by the election of a hero, President Kennedy.

The deeper theme is so suavely and skilfully intertwined in all this that East Boston may not recognize it; the author is out to convince Irish and Catholic readers of the rather doubtful thesis that they have always at heart been "liberal." Wasn't the great Al Smith a liberal, and weren't Irish political bosses liberal in the sense that they provided a kind of social security system for immigrant groups? Chapters on other phases of the Irish in America are included – on literature and the theater, for example – but these seem a bit remote from the central theme.

Mr. Shannon is a first-rate columnist for the liberal *New York Post* and *The Commonweal;* his parents were Irish-born; he himself went to Harvard. Only those familiar with the rival bigotries of Boston Yankees and Boston Irish realize what a gulf this background bridges; a gulf that President Kennedy himself spanned.

Sometimes, like Plutarch, Mr. Shannon juxtaposes biographies to show the strains of demagoguery and idealism running simultaneously through the Irish experience; Jim Curley (of *The Last Hurrah* Curleys) and Al Smith; Father Coughlin and Monsignor John A. Ryan. These are splendid portraits, solidly documented.

The Irish cherished their grievances longer than most; the Catholic Germans in Wisconsin and Minnesota slipped into their new environment, in spite of an alien tongue, with less commotion. Was it the intense clannishness of the Irish and their rigorous religious discipline? Again, one asks, where are the Irish scientists – the Salks, Oppenheimers and Einsteins? Mr. Shannon raises the question indirectly; it is a "happy circumstance," he thinks, that the new Irish hero Kennedy "was only a mediocre athlete, and became a bookish man." The Irish, he observes drily, "have contributed more than their share to the national cult of football."

Though Mr. Shannon sets out to persuade his people that they have always

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been "liberals," he does not fully define the term. Irish politicians were often "market-basket liberals" – concerned with jobs, housing, workers' compensation, and the like; the Yankees were "civil rights liberals."

The historian James McGregor Burns went over the same ground in his biography of Kennedy, and noted that the Yankee liberals were talking about suffrage, public school education, religious liberty, curbs on gambling, and even Prohibition. "The Roman Catholic church," he wrote, "frowning on many of these reforms, helped cut off the Irish from the Protestant reformers, and from the whole Western liberal heritage of civil liberty, tolerance, intellectual freedom, social equality and philosophical rationalism and pragamatism." As late as the McCarthy era, he thinks, Kennedy may not have fully understood "the intensity of the liberals' commitment to civil liberties."

Mr. Shannon leaves no doubt that his own liberalism is of the broadest kind, though his approach is sometimes tangential. He refers to the early Irish clergy's "somewhat less than cosmopolitan intellectual outlook." He notes anti-Semitism among Boston Irish, but does not detail it as strongly as John Gunther in his *Inside USA*, where Mr. Gunther concluded, "The heirarchy might well have taken a stronger line to discourage anti-Semitic hoodlums." It recalls the theme of Rolf Hochhut's molten new drama, *The Deputy* – the silence of Pope Pius XII over the Nazi extermination of the Jews. The play reaches New York shortly, but will it get to Boston?

With firm, if tactful, emphasis Mr. Shannon directs his beloved Irish to the liberal movement in the Catholic church impelled by the late Pope John and now by Pope Paul. For the immediate past, the litmus test for him is McCarthyism; Mr. Shannon hits here with bare knuckles – The Senator was a "rogue," with neither principles nor convictions. He believes that fewer Irish would have been "vulnerable" to the adventurer if they had been better trained in the "positive implications of their religion in the political and social sphere." Catholic periodicals like *The Commonweal* fought McCarthy, but polls showed tremendous Irish support.

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Sometimes the Church itself seemed to be backing him. At one breakfast for the Catholic police of New York, where Joe McCarthy was chief speaker, the author notes that Cardinal Spellman attended, "shook hands with McCarthy, and applauded his remarks."

How fast time flies. Ten short years ago McCarthy was cowing an American President and Congress! Yet today his memory has few defenders outside of William Buckley's *National Review* and, perhaps, the John Birch Society. "Lacking a viable intellectual tradition," Mr. Shannon observes rather sadly, "a 'mucker' was able to present himself as typifying the best of the Irish."

Mr. Shannon feels that Cardinal O'Connell's nearly 40 years of leadership in Boston failed to put his Church's teaching "in proper perspective" on such issues, as contrasted to liberal prelates like Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland. What was at the heart of Irish affinity for McCarthyism? Mr. Shannon believes it was an "inarticulate but deeply held" belief by many that "very few Americans outside the Catholic faith have any real religion or understand what it means to take religion seriously. . . . If religious freedom is to be kept alive in this country (they feel), it is up to the Catholics. . . . The contrary idea that Catholics are themselves a threat to the religious liberty of others is a notion not much examined by the people under discussion."

Mr. Shannon fits President Kennedy into his liberal thesis by arguing that he "personified a Catholic attitude toward politics." Certainly he personified Mr. Shannon's attitude, but I, who accompanied the candidate at times in 1960, can testify to a certain tension between the cool young Catholic rationalist, and the Heirarchy. Mr. Shannon concedes that the President (using, alas, the present tense) "is slightly uneasy about the nature of his relationship to his Catholic heritage."

On the other hand, the 1960 victory, one prays, may have expunged some of the Irish bitterness over ancient wrongs – the memory of Boston advertisements, "Only Protestants need apply"; and the slurs of bigots on Governor Smith when he ran for President.

Offhand, I wouldn't have thought it possible to write a cheerful, scholarly, provocative and successful biography of the Irish out of such wildly assorted lives as John L. Sullivan, Boss Tweed, Cardinal Gibbons, Eugene O'Neill, John Paul Jones, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Jim Farley and scores of others. It would not have been possible if the whole throng were not strung together on a unifying thesis, presented with historical sensitivity and quiet fervor.

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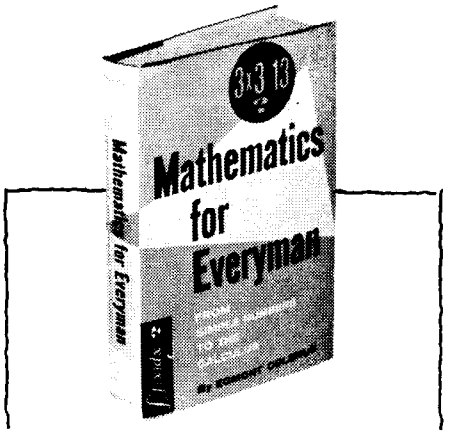

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FILMS

Starting the New Year Wrong

Ladybug, Ladybug (United Artists)
Hallelujah the Hills (Stone)
Act One (Warner)

Last year Frank and Eleanor Perry made their first film, *David and Lisa*, which was frequently moving but which was overrated in the inflationary film-publicity world. Their second film is *Ladybug, Ladybug*, and it is unpleasant to report that it is a failure. Mr. and Mrs. Perry resisted the flood of large offers that followed their debut in order to make films as they chose. But, in my view, they have chosen a poor subject and have stuck to it with the specially obstinate loyalty that poor subjects often evoke in artists of every kind.

The nub of the film is an incident that actually occurred in a country school. The air-raid warning sounds, and the children are dismissed. The teachers know it is not a drill. One teacher, who takes a group home along a lonely road, finds out much later than the others that the signal was a false alarm. The film obviously depends on the experiences of the isolated group who believe that a nuclear attack is coming; their very isolation gives the drama its form. But the Perrys have filled that form with odds and ends of cliché action and thought and with remnants of strained symbolism. Most importantly, there is no organic, irresistible development to the outer edges of panic.

Once the situation has been established and the shape of the drama is forecast, our interest can only be in how that shape is going to be fleshed out. The very fact that it is visible so early is a risk; and the risk becomes disaster as we proceed to the commonest magazine-cover materials of childhood (a frog in a bottle, two pre-adolescents discovering a mutual interest in music) and the most expected of character comments. (A girl takes some of her friends to her family's bomb shelter and there reveals herself as a Lady of

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the Flies.) Meanwhile, back at the school, there are such fillers as a very pregnant young teacher, playing dazedly in a sandbox, symbolically burying a toy cannon in the sand.

The point of the film, presumably, was to anatomize the tensions of our time by showing their special cruelty to children. First of all, we can doubt that special cruelty. One of the boys says pathetically that children between 6 and 15 should be asked to vote about war. (I saw this film just after I had read a report about Dallas children cheering the news of President Kennedy's murder.) Anyone who has seen boys in wartime knows how happily excited and jealous of their elders they are. Secondly, every device is so worn or lame that we are conscious only of effort. The dialogue is poor. (An old grandmother says: "Who'd burn up our apple trees? What's our trees done to them?") Supportive details are shaky. The alarm buzzer is believed at the outset because seven things would have to go wrong for it to sound accidentally; this crucial point is sloughed off later with the explanation "Short circuit." Thirdly, the shortcomings in Mrs. Perry's script are compounded by Mr. Perry's casting and direction. None of the adults except Nancy Marchand is comfortable in his part, and Miss Marchand is arbitrarily chivvied into emotional states for which there are no credible bases. The children, almost all of whom are supposed to be farm kids, sound like pupils at the better private schools in New York.

If competitive film festivals could be taken seriously, it would be a national disgrace that this country has been represented at several foreign festivals by *Hallelujah the Hills*. This purported comedy was written and directed by Adolfas Mekas, a leader in the "New American Cinema Group," usually, and more aptly, called the "Underground Cinema." Mekas is weary of commercialism and he proves it by being unprofessional. His film is indeed free of every kind of commercial slickness; it is also free of technical competence, acting skill, wit, and invention. It is supposed, occasionally, to parody current films and film trends, but it does not seem parody to me when two young men who are running through

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the woods, are halted by a stopped camera, and a sub-title is flashed under them reading *Breathless*. What has that to do with Godard? Why not say *The Running Man?* Or *Under the Yum Yum Tree?*

Such plot as it has (and its most attractive aspect is its cavalier treatment of plot) deals with the protracted wooing of a girl through several Vermont winters. Otherwise it is marked chiefly by zest and a desire to revolt. But it is a revolution, as H. G. Wells remarked in another context, without a competent receivership.

Moss Hart's *Act One* was a surprisingly affecting book – "surprisingly" because his career was an epitome of all that is chromium-plated and repellently smart in the Broadway theater. He told enough truth and communicated enough authentic emotion so that his book was interesting, as any such autobiography must be, regardless of the author's profession. Now Dore Schary has taken elements of the book and has converted them into a counterpart of the lachrymose, distorted, domestic epic that Warner Brothers made 20 years ago about George Gershwin. Added to Schary's indigestible home-cooked doughiness is George Hamilton's series of hollow imitations of what an actor would do in the leading role. Until you have seen Hamilton, under Schary's guidance, go running hysterically down the sands of Brighton Beach at night and fall to his knees weeping in despair, you have not seen all that the worst Hollywood sententious sentimentality has to offer.

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ART

Modern on the Move

A couple of years ago Alfred H. Barr, Jr., who is officially titled Director of the Collections but who actually is and always has been the soul of the Museum of Modern Art, rehung the permanent collection in an effort to show how hard-pressed the Museum was. The new hanging was included under the general name, A Bid for Space, which also applied to a fund-raising program for expansion, and was distinguished by an unexpected revival of the old, turn-of-the-century style of hanging pictures: wall-to-wall, floor-to-ceiling, and just about frame-to-frame. For some decades prior to this it has been widely believed that this crowded style was unacceptable to modern times; it spoke of an era when art was not appreciated for itself, when people and institutions wanted to show off whatever they had and as much as they had, and when the individuality of pictures was wantonly sacrificed for the sake of gross impact; the only decent way to hang pictures, it was felt, was one and only one to each vertical, floor-to-ceiling strip of wall and with plenty of space between the strips. This not only showed a proper respect for art, it allowed the viewer to take the pictures one at a time without being confused and it demonstrated the feeling for understatement of the person doing the hanging, thus marking him as a man of the modern period. It was assumed that Mr. Barr's rehanging could only be a grotesque deformation of that body of art to which he had devoted his life, however effective it would be in soliciting funds. It worked magnificently! The cramped quarters of the Bid for Space dramatized the needs of the Museum. They also enhanced the sheer force of the permanent collection; in close proximity to one another the masterpieces of the 20th Century seemed to generate a force greater than the sum of their individual powers.

The Bid, of course, has been successful; the Space is in the process of realization in New York. Meanwhile, the Collection, that is 153 paintings from it, has been given all the space it needs and hangs in the endless rooms of the National Gallery of Art in Washington. Compared to the layout in the now closed Museum, the new layout is rather like an uncoiled watch spring. Unquestionably some of the tension has gone out of it in the change

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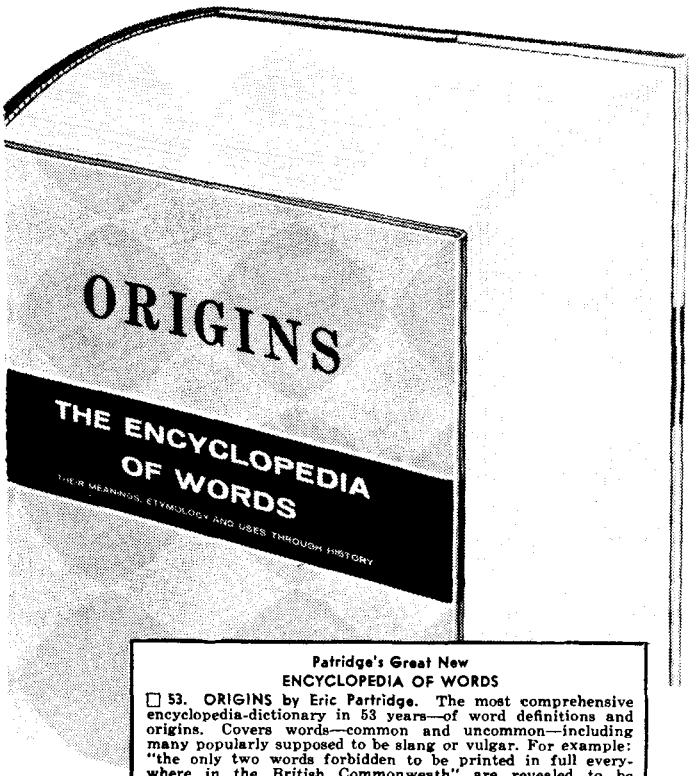

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from a tight, packed, rather dark maze to the open, spacious, linear plan of the National's ground floor. Mr. Barr seems to have realized this, for he succeeded in having the National put up a series of free-standing island-walls to break up the open flow and to regain a bit of the old tension. The arrangement is successful to a degree but only to a degree.

Yet the Collection is not really the less in its temporary housing. However and wherever those pictures are hung, they were hung forever by Mr. Barr in the making of the Museum. And the hanging in Washington gratifyingly reveals anew the monumental achievement of the man and his museum in discerning and evangelizing the good in modern art. There is a line of greatness in modern art that is summed up in the line of the show from Van Gogh and Monet all the way up through the latest works of Picasso. If it falters in what we think of as the "post-Picasso" period – a term that would certainly baffle Picasso – this is no fault of the Museum. Still, the great uncoiled spring of that matchless collection lies stretched out in Washington and irresistibly invites speculation on the theme: are we in some kind of post-modern period in art itself comparable to the post-modern hanging of the Bid for Space?

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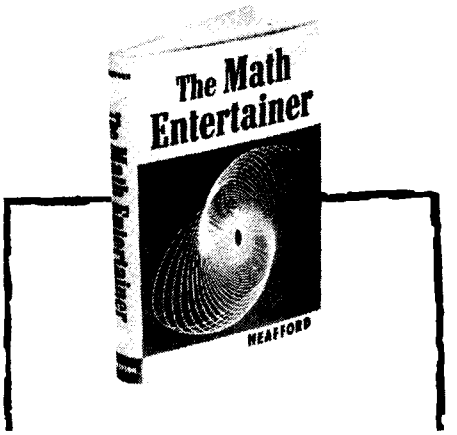

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tury as seen in the Collection. Quite true, Chagall painted people floating in the air and people do not float about that way, and furthermore the fingerprints of cubism can be seen in his figures, where they create a strange identity; who really cares confronted with the vision of sophisticated innocence and love that glows in the pictures? True enough, Picasso's "Three Musicians" represent a kind of hand painted cubist collage, with their costumes and persons scissored up and pasted back together, with even their dog divided into shadow and substance. More important they are mysterious and comic personages, subject to formal analysis but having an existence beyond analysis. The fact is that in the golden stream of beauty in the predominantly French section of the Museum of Modern Art show, there is some kind of reference going on at all times to some kind of reality outside the studio.

And this is what ceases to be true when the focus of the Collection shifts from Paris to New York. It used to be a boast of the American paintings of the 1950's that it no longer had to be about something. At Washington now we can see that the original conjugators of the irregular verb, to paint, were all painting about something. With newness long gone, the aboutness remains and the paintings remain relevant to continuing consciousness. Van Gogh is important still not because he is a step in art history but because the starry night continues.

By contrast, the Pollock seems only something that once was new and is so no longer. Paintings by Gottlieb, Newman and Francis are immediately recognizable as authentic examples of Gottlieb, Newman and Francis and that's just about all they are.

Are we, then, "post-modern"? Must the Museum, when it reopens in the spring, either change its name or resign itself to antiquarianism? You can demonstrate it logically, but then you look at the pictures and it just isn't so. The "post-modern" period, as seen in the Modern's show, is a breathing space, a spell of slackness, a digression, a minor diversion. The force in that spring remains, to this day, much too powerful to have been dissipated already.

FRANK GETLEIN

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Correspondence

War Toys

Sirs:

Max Frankel wrote in these columns two weeks ago to say that he has personally "seen" war toys in the Soviet Union and that this proves that what I wrote in "Toys, Boys and Christmas" (December 21) is "wrong" and a "misrepresentation of Soviet motives and realities" – despite the fact that the passage he objects to was based on a Reuters dispatch published in his own newspaper, *The New York Times*. But I will not hold him to that. Let's get to the bottom of the matter.

First, were the war toys he saw in the Soviet Union *made* in the Soviet Union, contrary to what I said, or had they been imported (perhaps from West Germany)? Second, does Mr. Frankel believe that the Soviet Deputy Minister of Education who made this assertion was lying? Or was Reuters lying? Or was *The New York Times* lying? Or was I lying? Or, is there some conspiracy here that it's high time we knew about?

William H. Honan
New York City

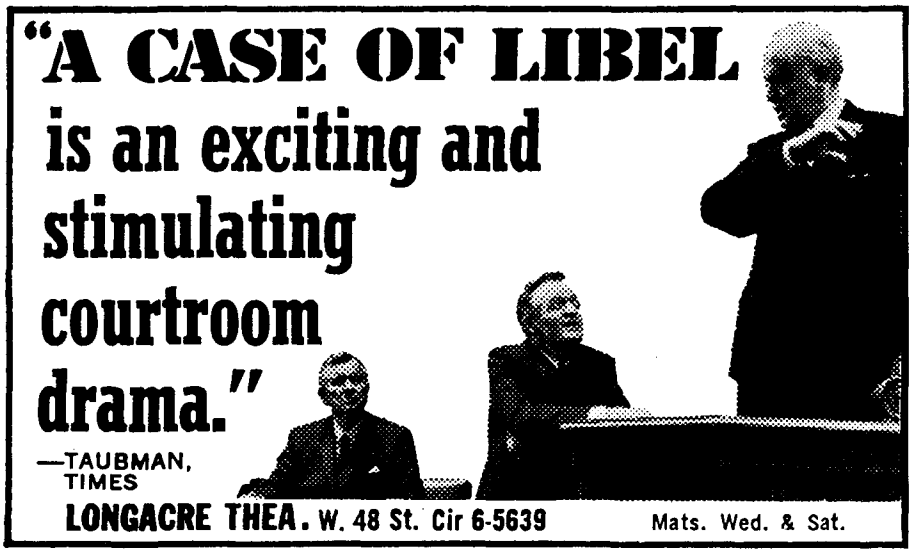
Sirs:

I do not complain because Giles Playfair's article "The Word of Christine" (December 21) is subjective criticism of Lord Denning: political objectivity should not monopolize space in a journal of opinion. That he is at odds with Britain's penal system – and by extension with those jurists who enforce it – is clear from his published work, and is demonstrated by his stated wish that Miss Keeler has not been imprisoned upon her conviction for perjury. One should hardly quarrel with his seizing this opportunity to take another swipe at the judiciary.

But what is so ludicrous to this reader, who had been fortunate enough to have studied many of Lord Denning's historic judgments, and to have heard him expound philosophically on the changing law, is that Mr. Playfair's (what jesting deity matched name and character?) should select this particular Lord of Appeal in Ordinary as his target.

For Lord Denning is the Great Dissenter, the iconoclast, the Hyman Rickover of the English Bench. To read into the Denning Report that its author has a "deep disinclination to question the established order of things" is to produce a forced conclusion so obviously at variance with the facts that it casts the shadow of doubt over any other incidental conclusions. It is a pity, I suggest, that Mr. Playfair's determination to question the police's silence binds him to the glorious truth: that he lives in one of the few countries in the world that enjoy an efficient constabulary which does not "report upon private lives, even of Ministers."

Nigel A. Renton
San Francisco



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Freud on the Instincts

Sirs:

Mr. Stanley Kauffmann's excellent review (December 28) of *My Life and Loves* by Frank Harris contains a statement which confirms the lay-public's gross misapprehension of Freud's psychoanalytic theory. Mr. Kauffmann says: "With the turn of our century and what can be called the 'Isadora Duncan age', sex became Beauty; with the emergence of Freud, *it was named the chief motive in life*, and our chief concern in our personal lives then became how to adjust that motive to the increasing constrictions of society."

In *Beyond the Pleasure Principle* and in a number of other papers, Freud reiterated the equal importance of the death instinct with the love instinct.

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In his paper "Termination of Analysis," written in 1937, Freud writes:

> "If we consider the whole picture made up of the phenomena of the masochism inherent in so many people, of the negative therapeutic reactions, and of the neurotic's sense of guilt, we shall have to abandon the belief that mental processes are governed exclusively by a striving after pleasure. These phenomena are unmistakable indications of the existence of a power in mental life which, according to its aim, we call the 'aggressive or destructive' instinct and which we derive from a primal death instinct of animate matter. It is not a question of an optimistic – as opposed to a pessimistic – theory of life. Only by the concurrent or opposing action of the two primal instincts – eros and the death instinct – never by one or the other alone, can the motley variety of vital phenomena be explained."

I am sure that the majority of my psychoanalyst-colleagues will agree with me when I say that one encounters in treatment of patients far many more problems having to do with aggressive impulses than with the erotic.

Herbert I. Harris, M.D.
Cambridge, Mass.

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